

F978

0009235748



U.S. NATIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Augusta - With all best wishes
of the Author.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS





Alfred Furman

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
POEMS ON THE WORLD WAR

By

ALFRED ANTOINE FURMAN



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1922

COPYRIGHT 1922

BY

ALFRED ANTOINE FURMAN

Limited Edition

255 Copies on White Antique Paper

5 Copies on Japanese Vellum

PS
3511
F978 L

TO

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

602210

LIBRARY

ANNOUNCEMENT



The poems published in this volume constitute a sequel to the work entitled *Martial Lyrics, Poems on the War for Democracy*, which appeared in 1918, dedicated to President Wilson. The pieces of that collection commented in metrical form on the leading events of the first year of our participation in the World War. This series continues the same method during the second year of that contest, including the subsequent occurrences terminating in the signing of the Versailles Treaty by Germany. These verses were originally printed in the *Passaic Daily News*; and now, collected in this manner, compose a lyrical commentary on events, men and nations during the greatest struggle in the history of men. The opinions and sentiments expressed in them may seem too impassioned for the calmer days of peace and exhaustion which have followed the colossal conflict; but, as they faithfully reflected the feelings of the majority of the American people during that painful period, I have dismissed them to the press without change or modification.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS



	Page
The League of Nations.....	19
Liberty Day	25
Propaganda	27
The German State	28
Rumania	30
Red Cross Nurses.....	33
Americans at Cantigny	34
The Kaisers' Treaty.....	36
General Foch	37
United States Marines.....	38
World Dominion	40
The Piave	43
The Llandoverly Castle.....	44
The Fall of the Bastille.....	45
Old Glory	46
Crossing the Marne.....	48
The Canteen	51
Battles in the Air.....	52
The Beginning of the End.....	53
The War Lord.....	54
The Retreat	56
The Argonne	58
The New Draft.....	61

	Page
A Dictated Peace.....	62
Saint Mihiel	64
The Soviet Reign of Terror.....	65
The Austrian Note.....	66
The Lost Battalion.....	68
Bulgaria	71
Turkey	72
Three!	73
Austria	74
Germany	76
Nemesis	78
France	80
A Rapier Thrust.....	82
In the Toils.....	85
The Broken Sword.....	86
Four!	88
Ode to Victory.....	90
The Surrender	92
The League to Enforce Peace.....	94
The Land of Freedom.....	97
William Hohenzollern	98
The March to the Rhine.....	100
The Armistice	102
The President in France....	104
England	106
The Watch on the Rhine.....	108
The New Year	113
Theodore Roosevelt	115

	Page
The Red Flag	116
Arabia	118
His Return	120
The Vacant Chair.....	123
Poland	124
Armenia	126
The League of Nations.....	128
Clemenceau	130
Marching Home	135
Home Again	136
The Indemnities	138
A New World	143
The Exile	144
The Victory Loan	146
Fiume	148
Versailles	153
The Treaty	154
To the Jersey Troops.....	156
The Ocean Flight.....	159
The Terms	160
The Last Phase	162
Ode to Peace	164





THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS



Old War had done his worst; for ages long
Man had been driven by his lash and strong
Right arm thru weltering paths of human blood
Which rose on every side, a Red Sea flood,
To sweep away his culture and his race,
Giving this earth again to the embrace
Of desolation, and a silence deep
Save where the homeless waves moan, sob and leap
In fury on some rock-bound coast, or where
The voice of hungry lions tears the air
Reposing on the desert, when at morn
They issue from their haunts of brake and thorn.

War early found that fountain of a youth
Eternal, and if age in robes uncouth
Attired his face and form, his ruthless soul
Never escaped from guidance and control
Of malice, hate, delight in misery:
All that the ages built so patiently
In architecture, painting, letters, all
The wealth of town and country, bower and hall,
Meeting his vicious eyes, fell under ban;
And at his bidding crimson rivers ran,
And on their wreck-strewn eddies in a day
The labors of a year were tossed away.

And life more precious still was his dread mark,
Torn from the golden light, plunged in the dark
Ere it could truly know the deep intent
And purpose of this earthly banishment;
Like flowers that lift their heads in early spring
To charm with beauty, and their odors fling
On the chill air, assailed by surly snows
And harsh winds, fall, surrender to their foes,
And leave hearts weeping: thus the despot old
Entered with angry brow and menace bold
Each household, careless of its mournful tears,
To find food for his hungry swords and spears.

For ages thus the cruel monster reigned
Over men's souls and bodies, and disdained
Prayers, charters, laws; he seldom slept, nor knew
Sabbath or holiday, but kept his crew
Ever on deck, with cutlass stained in hand,
His creatures marching with a stirring band,
Recruits soliciting from each sad land,
And his request was always a command,
For the charmed world lay abject at his feet:
When nations groaned, his triumph was complete,
And in their cup of woe he toasted deep
The millions plunged in an eternal sleep.

But yet he grieved his sway was partial; here,
There, on the earth peace dwelt, and breathed an air
Delightful, wealth creating by her toil
In lands of plenty, rich with corn and oil;
And War saw that, and the contentment deep
Clothing those regions, and the little sleep
He snatched at times was murdered, and he bade
His minions drilling by the Baltic sad
To march, and sheathe their daggers in the breast

Of those provoking states that dared protest
His drafts on them, till all the world should be
Swimming in blood and choked with enmity.

His minions started at his dread command,
And drenched in woe and slaughter each fair land;
But from this field of agony arose
A champion brave who could withstand the blows
Rained on the weak,—the great Democracy
In peace abiding by the western sea:
She grimly armed, in the arena sprang
To rescue peoples from that monster's fang,
And in War's bowels drive the very sword
Which had for ages made him sovereign lord
Of this scourged earth, to break that sword, and wide
Scatter its fragments on the ocean tide.

And War, defeated, masters knew; aghast,
His furious eyes upon the victors cast,
And saw no pity there: death was his doom,
His future but an epitaph and tomb
Recording all his vices; on his throne
Peace to be seated in her radiant zone,
Wealth in her lap, a horn of plenty laid
Down at her feet, and in her hand displayed
The olive, while a League of Nations stands
Watchful, protecting her on seas and lands,
And filling in the bitter stream of tears
Which flowed unceasing thru the vanished years.

This Calvary will supplement the first:
There died the best of beings, here the worst:
And now when War, old Satan's readiest tool,
Has breathed his last, the Christian's cherished rule
May govern,—charity long crushed to earth

Shall rise again in a propitious birth
To gladden men, and build a temple great
Where Justice with her balance sways the state.
And Probity in her transparent vest
By Health with her innocuous serpent rest,
Tranquillity seen on her column lean
Near Liberty, our own appropriate queen.



MAY 1918

LIBERTY DAY



To the drums' rolling beat,
And tramp of countless feet
Along the famous street,
The hosts for liberty
Now, and resolved to be
Thru all their future, free,
Went marching; in the glancing light
Of April's blandest day their banners bright
Flung proudly to the breeze, an exalting sight
Which made the nation's purpose manifest
To spare no effort till the Prussian pest
Was throttled, and its menace laid at rest.

No, not for nothing wake
Such feelings for the sake
Of the imperilled stake
We in that freedom hold,
Our legacy of old,
Our ideals manifold
Rooted and blooming in that sacred soil
Whereon we never grudged the sorest toil,
Of which no tyranny can us despoil
While life remains, and in our hearts we feel
Those lofty sentiments, that fervent zeal
Which, all else failing, to the sword appeal.

Let them who lit this fire
To achieve their fierce desire
For conquest, find it the pyre
Of that malignant scheme
Born in a hideous dream,
By an infernal stream
With Satan smiling that his dateless reign
Over the ages has not been in vain
While Prussia follows in his ghastly train,
Making this world a colony of hell;
Yet knows the courses of the stars foretell
Freedom will win at last, and here will dwell.



PROPAGANDA



To manufacture lies
To claim an honored prize
For infamies that cultivate
The noxious soil of national hate,
To set at naught the sternest laws
Of adoptive lands when Prussia's cause
Conflicted, to assail the head
Of countries where they were born and bred,
To equip and start on their dark road
Atrocious rumors, to unload
On nations struggling to keep free
Motives and crimes which Germany
Fathers and loves,—such are the actions bold
Of German plotters paid with German gold.

We called the Indians wild;
But they were as a child
Compared with them who drink the pool
Of poisonous thought in Treitschke's school:
The red man had no Christian light
For centuries poured upon his night;
He had no Goethe to expound
The duties which this life surround;
He but obeyed the impulsive call
Which nature makes on each and all;
And yet we would not care to say
He sank as low in his poor day
As in our own the brutal Prussian lord
Who lives, and who will perish, by the sword.

THE GERMAN STATE



What is the German State? Is it a realm
Clement, by sages ruled, one at the helm
Whom wisdom guides, and in the ports of peace,
The genuine harbors of the golden fleece,
Anchors the nation deep? A State where lives
Hope for the poor and the oppressed, that gives
Merit protection and the waited chance
To hurl against the world a lightning lance,
And rise to eminence by force of will?
Where truth is honored and held fast, men still
Pressing right onward to an unseen goal
To drain, while summer lasts, life's golden bowl?

And no! far different is the German State!
An entity to which men abdicate
All they possess of virtue, and enlist
In souless dark battalions which subsist
On woe and carnage; where morality,
Hissed and despised, must fold its tents and flee
To faithful lands; where murder is an art
Which German subjects must condemn their heart
To sanction and applaud; where every crime
Which would drag other countries thru the slime
Of infamy, must be condoned, be made
A laurel round the warrior's bloody blade.

This is a theory our age illumed
At last by conscience, has for ever doomed;
And stands in holy arms to extirpate.
The darkest ages fondled it, elate,
Striving to make this life a martyrdom
For man: he silent died, or thru blood swum
To some sad isle of peace, only to be
Pursued and tortured so inhumanly
He fain would seek a solace and relief
In the cold arms of death. But now this thief
Of life and happiness, still ranging wild,
Shall be arrested, and from earth exiled.



RUMANIA



You have just tasted, much against your will,
A German peace, and found it husks and swill:
A province seized, once bulwark to the foe;
The fertile plains where so exuberant grow
Life-giving grains, subjected to the land
Whose evil leaders your destruction planned,
Imputed to your guilt; vast fields of oil,
Source of your wealth, the truculent victor's spoil;
Betrayed by him who filled the Russian throne,
Flung to the dogs of war, struggling alone,
Beset by enemies, stripped, scourged, and bare
To killing winds from Prussia's bone-strewn lair!

Have patience! We will right your grievous wrong:
To us they sang the same alluring song
Of peace, but we discerned beneath the skin
Of a meek lamb the wolfish face within,
And sternly declared that with the Prussian fraud
We only parley with the gun and sword;
No peace with Germany uncrushed we sign,
No treaty with the Hohenzollern line
Founded on rapine, and displaying now
Thirst for dominion slaked in blood, with brow
Brazen to ask we pardon infamy
Unparalleled, while go the culprits free!



JUNE 1918

RED CROSS NURSES



How charming in your red and white,
With gentle hand and glances bright,
You move among the nightly throng
 A visible song!

And ever on the crowded street
Your gracious presence pleased I meet,
Within your spotless raiment see
 Pure charity.

But on the distant tented fields
What comforts your devotion yields
To them maimed, bleeding, who life give
 That we may live!

When shriek a myriad angry shells,
Drowning the fierce, exultant yells,
Death bringing, you, by love's command,
 There, fearless, stand.

Intrepid, zealous, with a soul
Blazing in gold on duty's roll,
Your deeds such sacrifices raise
 Beyond our praise.

AMERICANS AT CANTIGNY

To L. D. R.



From overseas they came to show
The credulous, king-groveling foe
America was in the fight
With all her power to strike and smite,
And never to lay by the sword
Until the Hun a peace implored.

At Cantigny her soldiers brave
An instance of their courage gave,
Inflicting on the enemy
Losses by which he may foresee
The fatal end, and subdue the sneer
With which he hailed her coming here.

In time the reckless Boche will learn
Faith may reside with valor stern;
That men may wield a sword, yet feel
Compassion thru their bosom steal;
Standing in blood still bend the knee
To virtue, honor, chivalry.

Think not we seek a compromise,
Or can be lulled by plaints or lies :
Surrender unconditional
The only terms to criminal
Opponents we will grant today,
Or while we in this conflict stay.

And never let your boding mind,
Poor minions of such leaders blind,
Forget that in our injured land
Which sends across yon gallant band,
Millions of youth in life's fresh bloom
Are arming them to wreak your doom.



THE KAISERS' TREATY



And so your Majesties have made
A brand new compact to invade
Far countries when the present strife
Is ended, that turmoil be rife
In every land, and red war be,
As now, your greatest industry?

Poor sword! Never again to sleep,
But vigils open-eyed to keep
Over the world, to throw your sheath
Away, and in the very teeth
Of frightened peace to thrust your blade,
And thru wide crimson torrents wade!

Men must weave more of flesh and blood
On looms of love, to feed the flood
Of slaughter which will constant pour
In widening circles on each shore,
To execute your royal schemes,
Those visions of sweet Prussian dreams!

For such a fate we must prepare
Unless we cleanse your azotic lair,
Turning against your murderous breast
The weapon you have made the test
And seal of empire, in a day
When moods of peace the nations sway.

GENERAL FOCH



Another German drive brought to an end!
How many more against us can they send?
Your strategy their onslaughts foiled again,
And carpeted the terrain with their slain.
Let them come on! With valor, tactics, skill
You are prepared a million more to kill
Of those fierce Huns who ravage your dear
France

And bombard Paris, the inheritance
Of the whole world, and where in by-gone days
I quaffed so eagerly, with fond amaze,
The cup of art and beauty, at the streams,
Sparkling and iridescent with such glorious dreams.

To your unrivalled genius let me pay
The tribute of my wonder in this day
You bring the fourth offensive to a pause,
And seal the triumph of the Allied cause.
Two million men your orders execute
With cheerful confidence, the patriot fruit
Grown in their breast. Two million, have I said?
Nay, fighting on their native soil, the dead
In equal numbers from their narrow bed
Arise, and for the land where they had bled
Would bleed again, as at your side they tread
Doubling your strength when by such hallowed
sources fed.

UNITED STATES MARINES

To H. L.



What great traditions cluster round
Your service on the sea and land,
How stirs the patriot blood at sound
Of those proud deeds your valiant band
Performed in every part of earth
Since this Republic had its birth!

And I who trace an ancestry
In this land guarding freedom's shrines,
To Sixteen hundred thirty-three
Thru Puritan and native lines,
Versed in your records may proclaim
The honors due your cherished name.

In the Bahama isles your sword
Was first baptised in victory,
But greater glory yet was poured
Upon it when in Tripoli
Our arms avenging fell, and laid
Embargo on the pirates' trade.

In Eighteen Twelve, in Mexico,
And when the South from duty fled,
You met undaunted each new foe
And numbered them among the dead,
Until your heroic corps became
A synonym for martial fame.

Now when the Entente, panting, stands,
The last defense of liberty
Against the infamous Teuton bands,
You lead this nation of the free
That has resolved to seek and slay
The Prussian dragon cost what may.



WORLD DOMINION



Proud hearts, ambitious souls, in every age
Surrendered freely to the seductive rage
For gold, land, power, that splendid trinity
Which claims, with worship of some Mystery,
Man's homage, and in paths of rash endeavor
With tireless counsel leads him on for ever.

But all who thus aspired in former times
To capture such a fortune by great crimes,
Have trod on water, and have met their doom;
Or if they have descended to the tomb
With measure of success, seeds of swift decay
Were planted, and their triumphs swept away.

The nations of the earth which by the sword
Carved empires, and their blood so guilty poured,
No longer in the manuscript of life
We read; but snared by the adultress strife
Sleep on oblivion's shore, and pay the debt
Which careful nature never can forget.

No world dominion has the regal sun
Smiled on; it can not be by soldiery won;
Race, climate, tongues, discordant creeds, forbid,
And over all an eternal fiat, hid
Deep in the jealous breast of destiny,
Is clearer proof that it shall never be.

JULY 1918



THE PIAVE



When crossed his stream the obnoxious foes
Indignantly the river rose,
Abetted by the melting snows,
And hemmed the Austrians in.
Exclaimed the river-god: It were a sin
To invade and devastate my sunny land;
Untimely perish the predacious band
That war's flames have such long time fanned;
And while my waters swell and foam,
Strike, Italy, for altar, country, home!

Piave, in most angry mood,
Gathered from far and near his liquid brood,
And piled his raging waters high
Beneath a scowling sky.
In vain the Austrian turned to fly:
Death lay before, death lay behind
Where rolled the tumid waves with fury blind.
The surly tide ran deep with blood,
And to the astonished sea a crimson flood
Thousands of pallid corpses bore;
While on the trembling shore
The Italian sword grew weary as it slew,
Pausing to offer tribute due
To the pleased river-god and all his retinue.

THE LLANDOVERY CASTLE



Another infamy! Another crime!
Plunging your Huns still deeper in that slime
Where you have wallowed with such zest and
glee,
Lost, branded as the pariahs of our time.

With honor gagged, and voice of mercy mute,
Frenzy for rule has borne its bitter fruit;
And all the purpose of your fighting now
Is plunder, murder, sacrilege and loot.

In every quarter of the globe is spread
A cloak of maledictions on your head;
And prayers are winged to nerve the mighty arm
Lifted to lay you in a bloody bed.

From every land, from every sea, ascend
The spirits of your victims; here they wend
In endless numbers, and bestow such power
On freedom's sword the Prussian reign will end.

The system that has formed you will go down;
Your military bandits and the crown
Ensnaked with horrors, crusted with foul wrongs,
In sea of dark oblivion we will drown.

And not for ages shall the shame and guilt
On which the Hohenzollern throne is built,
Be wiped away, men pardon and forget
The blood of innocence which it has spilt.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE



Symbol of arbitrary power,
Each bastion, rampart, tower
With blood cemented, over all
A despot's banner drooping like a pall!
In cells beneath the ground, where night
Reigned ever, and despair's deep blight
Mildewed the soul, a royal will
Could blast and kill;
The prison air dank, heavy, chill,
Shroud of the victims; dropping ooze the funeral
 strains
Of man born free yet everywhere in chains!
Black night, and blood-red dawn! O Liberty,
My queen, the world had all forsaken thee!

But in the heart of France, still dwelt
An energy which, tho it long had knelt
Before the throne, arose and desperate dealt
That throne its death-blow; tore its symbol down;
And gave the nation back its old renown.
The instruments of torture had their day;
Now, rack and wheel were swept away:
From ruins of that fortress grey
A form emerged with face benign,
And builded strong a glorious shrine
Where in all tempests of the mind,
All plots, devices, and reactions blind,
France and the world a noble refuge find.

OLD GLORY

July 4, 1918



On every land, on every sea
The emblem of humanity,
The cherished sign of one great people free,
Beacon to them who wish to be!
This day you are the welcome guest
In all the countries of the west;
On elder air of Asia fly;
In proudest capitals of Europe vie
With their own ensigns to announce and ratify
A league of nations under freedom's sky.

Peru has made your natal day
Her very own, in which to pay
Her admiration of unselfish sway;
Brazil and Uruguay,
The largest and the least
Of southern lands, make it their feast,
And you its consecrated priest;
On Westminster your colors wave
Beside the lion banner whose defenders brave,
Like yours, would never, living, be a Prussian slave.

Beneath your folds, in the serenest air
Of summer, and the ambrosial fare
Of liberty partaking, thousands came
Marching, line after line, one only aim
Their souls pervading, like a litany
Of patriot fervor, grace and loyalty.
To the beholders it an omen seemed
Of what they hoped, of what they dreamed:
The melting pot at last was found; war was its
 name,
And every foreign tie has perished in that flame.



CROSSING THE MARNE

On these steep banks, two hundred thousand strong,
We doughboys nifty stand,
The valiant vanguard of a mighty throng
To help this ravished land;
The Heinies tremble, and are on the run:
O doughboys, strike again,
And never let up till your chesty Hun
Is scattered on the plain!

The Marne is swift, and flows a bloody stream,
For Fritz has dyed it red,
A moment wakened from his foolish dream,
Then shuffled with the dead:
Too far he wanders from his Prussian den,
O doughboys, run him back;
The Kaiser's game is up when U. S. men
Get out upon his track.

Quick clear the way, and press on to the Rhine,
This job the doughboys boss,
And underneath the lindens we will dine
Till Potsdam comes across;
Then see us, chortling, write in Berlin town
Terms ending its career,
When Kaiser Bill may sell his useless crown,
And pawn his sword for beer.

AUGUST 1918

THE CANTEEN

To A. C.



Here they may rest, and break their fast,
Or take at noon ampler repast,
And when the dews of evening fall.
Here, friends and fonder ones may call,
And chat with these defenders while
They listen gravely, speak and smile,
As in the fountains of kind eyes
They see reflected mingled sighs,
And pride and love. The summer day
Is all too short, and glides away
Serenely as they sit and hear
These parting words, these accents dear;
And like a miser treasure them
To wear in tender memory's diadem.

Soon they will cross the seas that seem
So narrow now, lands to redeem
From an invader that defies
Bonds, fate, earth, the patrician skies
Calm but relentless. In the field,
In trenches, these sweet thoughts will yield
A fragrance to the soul, a power
To the strong arm that brings the hour
Of triumph nearer to the cause
Enshrining still the righteous laws
The past has given us; to chain
The beast that has so many slain;
To crush for aye the savage race
Which has on mankind smeared such deep disgrace.

BATTLES IN THE AIR



In regular battalions, swift or slow,
Beneath the tumbled clouds sleeping like snow
On the far azure hills, the air-planes sail
Graceful as swans, rise, fall, turn, scale
The vapory turrets, breaking ranks,
Then plunging in the hazy banks,
Or dropping headlong down
Swift as an arrow, seeming thus to drown
In aerial seas, anon to form again
A faultless squadron on the ethereal plain,
Its course resuming like a regiment
Long-drilled, complacent, proud and confident.

What is that speck on the horizon's rim?
Quickly emerging from the misty brim
Of lands remote, an enemy appears,
And rapid toward the nonchalant airmen steers.
At once to right and left the fleet deploys,
Advances, opens fire, with artifice annoys
Van, rear, to flank and overwhelm the foe.
Rumble its guns in spick, spat notes, flames
overflow
The hostile craft, some droop, slide, fall,
Shot-riddled, burning; others, injured, crawl
Painful away, while the remainder beat,
Dismayed, with wounded crew, a perilous retreat.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END



With tramp of hurried feet, and deep exulting cries
The avenging armies drive the foe that sullen flies
Disordered, leaving men, supplies and guns
Strewn on the field, as, "Perish all the Huns!"
Rings in the ears of them who flee this tide
Raging with violence on every side.

The day of reckoning comes; the Prussian crimes
Piling on horror horror in these war-fed times,
Which man dishonor, and Heaven's mercies strain.
No longer shall the page of history stain,
But scourged from every violated land
The evil race dies in the fire its hatred fanned.

The dynasty which led this brutal force
Against the world, must go; no feigned remorse
For its iniquities one moment shall avail;
Its name shall be a hissing, and a tale
To warn the nations, an example here
That villains, tho they wear a crown, may fear.



THE WAR LORD



Our peace offensive fails! And can it be
The German armies always victors, flee?
The Allies so despised have dared to chase
Divisions which before they feared to face!
Treason is striding thru my ranks, the foe,
The only foe, that could so overthrow
My arms, my veteran soldiers who have made
War, plunder, and destruction their sole trade;
Whose banners they have borne thru helpless lands,
Looting by stern necessity's commands,
To raise the prowess of the Teuton race
Above all aliens, Kultureless and base!

For years we planned this struggle, the deep
thought

Nursing how that our armies could be brought
To such a state that when we struck at last
Foes would be mowed as the tornado blast
Levels trees in its path; all nations bow
In hopeless slavery before our vow
To rule the world by virtue of a right
Divine; our imperial eagles in their flight
Victorious over land and sea,
That poor democracy in livery
Of fools crushed, bringing to earth again
The splendor of a medieval reign!

A peace offensive! Not with my consent!
We want no peace; war is our element.
Peace would not give us peace; 'twould sow the
seed

Of wars internal; no, war is our need
To keep the people muzzled, still. I see
At morn, noon, night, that Russian tragedy!
My crown would go, like that the Romanoff
So weakly wore; my days become the scoff
Of upstarts, ay, perhaps be forfeited
To soothe the souls of the unnumbered dead
Laid in untimely graves! Speed on the strife!
Peace is but death to me; war is my life.



THE RETREAT



Long time the battle raged from the pale dawn
To which the starry host with oriflammes
Of gold capitulated, till grave night
Led forth her sable children to bind sleep
On wearied eyes; but when the third eve came
The invading hordes, with thinning ranks, hearts
robbed
Of courage, broke, turned, fled, leaving behind
Stores, wounded, dying, dead, and as they fled
Gave to the torch farms, towns, and villages:
The ever-hungry flames all in their path
Devoured eagerly. But on their troubled flight
Death followed fast: the frightened, gas-filled air
Was torn by shot and shell; the earth's old breast
Yawned with deep wounds unclosing, in whose bed
Thousands of flying Huns found mortal rest.
With fugitives, cars, horses, the red roads
Were glutted, on bent heads an iron hail
Each moment falling, injured men aside
Crawling, a haggard film shrouding their eyes,
While others, crippled, moaning, calling death,
Were heedless trampled. Clattering cavalry
In fury spurred, to saber right and left
That foe once menacing now glad to buy

Life by surrender. Bombs from whirring planes
Incessant dropped, exploding, flesh and bones
Hurling in fragments on all sides. But these
Were Hohenzollern pawns in its great game
Of Empire, and in that, defeated, died.

Back to the Rhine continue your retreat,
Death reaping in your tortured flanks and rear
His ghastly harvest, and never dare to breathe
Where good men are! Slink to your proper home
In Prussian marshes by the accusing sea,
All you whom death declines to liberate
At present from the bonds of conscience dark
And terrible, that you at last may feel
How sharper than the serpent's tooth it is
To live an outcast in the world, the scorn
Of nations for your crimes so boasted once,
Now like a millstone dragging you, and them
Misleading you, down steeps of infamy!



THE ARGONNE



The toughest job of all they hand
The dough boys, on the sea or land:
In face of us a wilderness
Of gloomy oaks, thru which to press
O'er tangled vines and nets of wire,
Bared on all sides to the hot fire
Of unseen Boches; here and there
Trenches invisible from where
The deadly fumes of gas arise,
Followed by fierce, exultant cries
Tearing the throats of flying Huns,
As volleys from their sleepless guns
Thin our brave ranks. But on we go,
And scatter right and left the foe
Who feels that one is on his trail
That does not know the words to fail.



SEPTEMBER 1918



THE NEW DRAFT



This is our answer to the foe writ plain
Without an if or but, where he may see
The mene-tekel of his destiny,
And know his ferocious struggles are in vain.
These millions will go forth to close the reign
Of force and fraud, the shameless perfidy
Worshipped so fatuous in Prussian tyranny,
And the blind horrors groping in its train.
Youthful or mature, feeling in their soul
The fires of freedom burning, they will slay
That gorgon draining day by day its bowl
Of human blood, a god with feet of clay;
Rescue imprisoned peace, and on the scroll
Of olden time emblazon a new day.



A DICTATED PEACE



What some perceived four years ago
The world now sees ; opinion slow
Has veered, and all the winds that blow
On shores political, or flow
Sequestered, say, The Hun must go !

No peace proposed by him can be
In order, for such enemy
Is master in deception ; he
Would promise all, sign, and agree,
But when he once again were free
Would smile at our simplicity,
The treaty spurn with shouts of glee
And glory in his perjury.

No ! Kaiser must step down and out,
Taking with him his rabble rout,
And thankful be if for deeds base
A firing squad he does not face ;
But to its dregs the bitter cup
Must drink, his plunder render up,
The violated lands restore
To splendor as in days of yore,
The invaded countries east and west
Evacuate, and leave at rest,
Navy and mercantile marine

Serving no more a war machine,
Yield to the Allies, to repay
His pirate boats illegal prey,
Bid to his Colonies adieu .
Contented now with owners new,
Part from the bloody kingdoms three
Brothers in guilt with Germany,
In terror waiting that just fate
Time pours on the degenerate.

These terms are hard, and yet they fall
Far short of justice; for not all
The Teuton race could ever pay
Would ransom back the honored day
In which it lived at peace with men;
Now, naked, scourged, must to some den
Stagger, and penance do for crimes
Which would have shocked the barbarous times.



SAINT MIHIEL



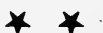
Again we meet the fierce invading foe,
Again we strike a staggering blow,
Again we lay him low.

His long career of senseless brutal crime
Is ending, as our wrath sublime
Blots him from rolls of time.

Pours on his head the doom of earth and sky;
Cursed by the nations let him die,
And in oblivion lie!



THE SOVIET REIGN OF TERROR



Apt pupils in the anarch school,
By fire and scaffold taught to rule;
Your power erected on the slain
In orgies of a bloody reign,
Which everywhere on Russias soil
Her patriot sons mark for your spoil,
Nor innocence, rank, sex, youth, age,
Can stem the torrent of your rage.

Your arts the nation have betrayed,
Despoiled, divided, helpless laid
At feet of Prussia to exploit
For her base use by lies adroit:
She sought to sway the world by force,
You paying for your treacherous course
With stolen gold from your own land
Writhing beneath your miscreant hand.

But Prussia will be stricken down,
In her own bath of blood to drown;
While you blood-happy Jacobins
Hugging the wages of your sins,
Rush blindly down a precipice
The livid lips of death to kiss,
And time your epitaph will write
Of execrations black as night.



THE AUSTRIAN NOTE



So, peace is wanted, terms you would discuss
In secret, while above your haunted head
The Damoclean sword hangs to destroy
Your coalition 'gainst humanity?
Our terms are known to all the world, and why
Repeat them constantly? Lay down your arms;
Evacuate the sad invaded soils;
Pledge, and give hostages to guaranty,
The restoration of the ruined lands;
Return the plunder you have borne away;
Disband your armies; to the Allies yield
Your naval fleets, your mercantile marine;
The Czecho-Slovaks free, then may we pause,
And lean upon our sword, and unsmiling feel
Justice has come to the grieved earth at last.

We read your note, and nothing saw but words
Your Satan form concealing. Then arose
The countless victims of your savagery,
Towns sacked, and women ravished, their fair breasts
Cut out with fiendish cruelty to die;
Martyrs tossed in the flames to hide the guilt
Of your rapacity; the ocean bed
Strewn with the bodies of the innocent,
Survivors on their rafts shot basely down

With shouts of glee; the priceless heritage
Of art and letters sacrificed to make
A royal holiday; the bayonet
Driving your hapless captives to a doom
More wished for than to live beneath your rule
Where torture and starvation lie in wait:
We fain would be a moral force to cleanse
The sickly world of such pollution here;
And more, the brave men who in this cause died,
Forbid that we forsake our duty now.



THE LOST BATTALION



Left in the air, and five days lost,
We won release at fearful cost :
A galling fire on every side
Mowed down the brilliant hope and pride
Of the battalion, and we all
Stood ready for the final call.
Cast off deep in the forest's heart
Each man resolved to do his part,
And leave his fate in hands of God.
Soon half our number in the sod
Were gathered to their perfect rest ;
On every side the foemen pressed,
But mid the ghastly heaps of slain,
Befouled with gas, 'neath crimson rain,
We fought undaunted, till once more
O'er hill and dale one evening bore
Sweet bugle notes of friends, and then
The blood rushed to our hearts again.



OCTOBER 1918

BULGARIA



Broken, dismayed, you see before you rise
The ghost of Serbia. Rub your astonished eyes,
And look again. Behold the very State
Doomed to destruction by your ungoverned hate,
Invaded, pillaged, racked by fire and sword,
Its people slaughtered by your Coburg lord,
Come to their own once more. The breast of earth
Opens, and to avenging troops gives birth;
Portentous specters in the gloom stalk round
From every rood of their dear native ground,
And forward press in ever-growing throngs
Demanding payment of their bill of wrongs.

You were not Teutons, were not Turks, but sprang
From seed Slavonic, and your treason rang
The bells of sorrow in the hearts of them
Who raised you up, and fixed a diadem
On your scarred brow. The hand that succored you,
Beneath whose power your tree of greatness grew,
You turned against, and like a viper bit;
And now in sackcloth, tears, and ashes sit,
Defeated, desolate, an appealing face
Turned to that wronged, that phoenix-risen race
Marching resistless, with its Allies great,
In scales of justice to mete out your fate.

TURKEY



A sick man! Yea, now doubly sick,
Sick unto death, as disasters thick
Fall on your head and multiply
Each day, and stifle the hoarse cry
That struggles to your parching lips
At such a horrible eclipse
Of all your cherished hopes to reign
With Prussia by the sword again!

The orgies of your prouder days
Can never be renewed,—the blaze
Of glory when you took by storm
Rome's capital, and flung the form
Of Christian power contemptuous down;
When Teuton kings at your dread frown
Trembled, and did not blush to hold
Their crowns by homage and by gold.

Find now a spot in Asia where
You still may breathe congenial air,
May slake unbridled fierce desires
In tides of blood, in living fires,
May hear again in restless dreams
The Sultan's brothers dismal screams
When he ascended the dark throne
Indifferent to their dying groan.

THREE!

Crowns, kingly crowns, I offer now;
And if they will not fit your brow
I'll alter them, small, medium, large,
Size guaranteed, and make no charge.
What am I bid? A million, say,
Since truly 'tis a happy day
For you and all when, in the dust,
Crowns are thrown down, to lie, and rust!

The Russian and the Grecian crown
Blazing with jewels and renown,
I auctioned here a year ago.
Come, now, your satisfaction show,
And bid for this: the diadem
Is studded with each precious gem
Which may be taken out and sold,
And Liberty Bonds bought with the gold.

Two millions! Thank you. Going, gone!
Watch for the crown by Kaiser worn!



AUSTRIA



Sitting 'mid ruins, desolation wide
Confronting you, with vengeful eyes, on every side,
Starvation leering with its unkept face
From country bower, from silent market place,
Stalking thru splendid cities where your power
Nursed music and letters in its happier hour,
You turn to your victorious foe again
In an endeavor to prolong your reign
By promises and sophistries which now
Can never more deceive: your brazen brow,
Stamped with the bloody hand of nameless crime,
Must bow, scorned, in the pillory of time.

You cast your lot with Prussia, chose to be
Her vassal, partner in her infamy,
To wade thru horrors with the fierce delight
That leaps in bosoms of the sons of night,
To fling a fire-brand when the Potsdam gang
Was all prepared to set its deadly fang
In bosom of humanity, to roll
On men the waves of slaughter, drain the bowl
Of guilt, fraud, vileness to the dregs, and dance
While played the Prussians as they ravaged France,
And now, retreating, burn with hellish glee,
The towns from which they, whipped with scor-
pions, flee!

Away! not any more will we our terms repeat!
Strew ashes on your head, the garlic eat;
And when you learn to read our language plain,
"Surrender unconditional," come back again!



GERMANY

A hunted wolf with dripping fang you fly
Deep in the forest, there to lick your wounds,
Concealed from your pursuers. Have you finished?
Is your marauding done? Do you now feel
That sea, land, sky, sufficient have endured
From your malignity? Is not your arm
Wearied with slaughter? Does not your black heart
A brief rest need before you leap with scowling brow
On babes to dash their brains with fury out,
Or maidens rifle of their greatest jewel here?

O life! O men for whom my heart drops blood,
You were not born to be the cannon's food,
The pawns of kings moved on the mortal board
Of their foul will! To slay your fellow men
For causes that you wot not of, possess
No interest in! To bring on circles dear
Despair, loss, agony, because your masters
With peace are ennuied, with cynicism view
The humble so long suffering, and the souls
Who pray to be with them that are at rest!

No, Germany, we can not measure, weigh,
Compute your guilt. Our heads with frenzy reel
In doubling in this so tempestuous sea
The capes of sorrow. On your hands, face, breast,
We see the red clots there that never time
May wash away, nor all these tumbling seas
That wander homeless under barren skies.
Far better that you fall upon your stained sword,
And by self-punishment some treaty make
With moral law before the final day.



NEMESIS



At last you come, daughter of night, how long
Awaited, with your helm and wheel, still strong
To bind the criminal with iron thong,
And execute the punishment of wrong.

In popped fields what time you seemed to sleep,
Uncaring how the Prussian victims weep,
How they are ruthless plunged in the vast deep,
How tongues of blazing war around them leap!

In pride of heart, in lauded infamy,
The Kaiser and his godless generals see
Fortune lay at their feet a treasury
In foreign lands, to glut their villainy.

But you are come, and you have work to do:
Still living with their plunder is the crew,
With forehead unabashed, as if they knew
No law but what they from the devil drew.

And shall these rats desert the sinking ship.
And off to some delightful villa slip,
And Burgundy and Widow Cliquot sip
With hands ferocious that with blood still drip?

Bring out the block, the gallows and the noose,
And on them set your every fury loose;
And never let their pleadings once induce
Mercy with vengeance to make any truce.



FRANCE



Soon it is over, and the agony
Of four long years but in the future be
An ugly dream. Come to our side, and lay
Your head on our fond breast, and thrust away
The racking fears which have so long beset
Your days and nights, that life seemed but a debt
So large incurred for you by thankless grief
No time could pay, or bring your soul relief.

Your auburn locks have blanched to a dull white;
Departed from your eyes the tender light
Familiar there; your merry voice is grave,
Laden with sighs; but in your face the brave
Demeanor dwells which thru those cruel years
Supported you amid your blinding tears,
Your infinite wounds, your losses terrible
That made your land the vestibule of hell.

It dawns: be tranquil yet a little while!
Triumph will bring you back the radiant smile
That hovered on your perfect lips in days
When we had only trite and formal praise
For your dear charms; but now we truly know
The beauty of your soul, and our eyes flow
For your vast sacrifices, how you gave
All that you had democracy to save.

The beast that ravished you think of as slain,
And be you, aureoled, our queen again:
Your lands restored, your cities new rebuilt,
With compensation for your best blood spilt,
If human power can pay the grievous wrong;
While our love bids an echo of your song
Come from remembered days, and we adore
Your faith, your moral grandeur, more and more.



A RAPIER THRUST

Come in the open, Max, and show your hand,
And tell us where you stand;
Say if you speak for your plain Fatherland,
Or for the desperate band
At bay, choked by the flames its hatred fanned?

You say, you have set up Democracy
Brand new in Germany,
Can show some samples of equality
That nations always free
Will make sit up, and view admiringly.

Before an armistice we fain would know
If you good faith will show,
By laying down your arms, and what you owe
Agree to pay, and go
From the invaded lands you filled with woe.

Beware! You're up against diplomacy
As strong as destiny:
It is no vaudeville show in gay Pa-ree
Where you so loved to be
Dazzling the demi-monde with repartee!

NOVEMBER 1918

IN THE TOILS



Drunk with ambition, swollen with the hope
To drag a world within the outlaw scope
Of your dominion, you began a cruise
Against the peaceful nations, win or lose
Your motto, as you flung to the proud wind
The pirate flag in Satan's school designed,
And sailed the seas, and marched across the lands,
Blood-hungry, hand in hand with Satan's bands.

The carouse is ending; from your evil dream
Waking, on your ulcered heart a sudden gleam
From heights unseen before in your career,
Flashes with dazzling light: convulsed with fear,
Pale writhing in a terrible despair,
You slink yet deeper in your despotic lair;
And try, abject, to measure from afar
A fall great as dethroned the Morning Star.

Stay hidden there! Come never forth again
To steal along the melancholy plain
Of life thick set with tombs of our dear dead,
Upspringing in each spot your footsteps tread,
Until we can forget the foul disgrace
You daubed on the fair scutcheon of our race,
Until you learn the simple A. B. C.
Of honor, justice, and morality.

THE BROKEN SWORD



See where it lies, dashed from the Prussian's hand
Who waved it like a vengeful brand
Over each rich and quiet land:
Dishonored, shattered, gory, there it lies,
Never again to terrorise
The countries far or near, or tyrannise
Opinion in an abject race,
All voiceless there, kissing the rod with spirit base,
Unmindful of its own unspeakable disgrace!

In fires of darker days
Its steel was tempered, when the bays
Were bound on robber brows, and hymns of praise
Extolled the barbaric sword:
Now, never more will men accord
To any proud born-in-the-purple lord
The privilege and method to employ
Its blood and treasure to destroy
The homes of peace and joy.

Go, bury it so deep
It never from its sepulchre may creep,
Be brandished more to make the nations weep;
But them who wielded it, and gave command
So brutal to their spurred and booted band
To desolate their neighbors' land,
Bring to the bar of justice stern
Where they may realize their crimes, and learn
The axe and halter for them yearn.



FOUR!

My friends, with joy I greet you here,
When bells are ringing, and the clear
Melodious voice of victory
Is sounding over land and sea.
Today, however, I will close
When I of this rare lot dispose —
An item just received, and one
In famousness surpassed by none.
It is, my friends, the German crown,
Of black and tragical renown,
Which I declared a year ago
I would offer you, and offer low.

What am I bid? Remember, friends,
This lot the small assortment ends
Of diadems which cumbered earth,
Excepting one of little worth.
'Tis bloody, but the ugly stain
I will wash off, if you complain—
The infamy? Not all the sea
Can cleanse away its infamy:
That you must take with it, and think
The fiend who wore it must now drink
The cup of woe he forced on us.
I sell "as is" with ruinous

Discount for all defects. No bid!
You say the damned crown should be hid
Deep in the earth, or sent below
Where he who owned it soon will go
To bathe him in the fiery lake
For whose proud lord he put at stake
His empire and his soul? All right!
I'll "pass" this lot, and wire tonight
The consignment is returned. That way—
Beg pardon, sir, what did you say?
Sell for account of the Red Cross,
And let the owner stand the loss!
Will start it at my upset price,
And put the thing away on ice?
Thanks! A million! Going, going, gone! The last
Memorial of the kingly caste:
The autocratic age is past!



ODE TO VICTORY



In this great hour
Standing within the righteous tower
Of national fidelity,
Rejoicing, we behold the outcast enemy
Vanquished on every land and sea :
Long, cruel was the night
Of conflict, fiercely did the evil forces smite
The valiant champions of right,
Laying in an untimely grave
The loved flower of our youthful brave,
Shaking from turret to foundation stone
The abode where liberty had flown
For refuge in the strife,
And menacing the trembling life
Termed civilised, while mercy, scourged, was sent
In utter banishment.

But let us, in these happy days,
A paean raise
With voices free
To her, sister of strength and valor, Victory !
Smiling she comes with laurel crown,
And purpled wings, and palms of wide renown
To decorate our brow
While resting 'neath their golden bough
With us, torn, bleeding, but triumphant now !

Who doubted him to see this day,
Tho dark and hard the travel lay?
The order of the universe
Could not survive the deadly curse
 Of Prussian sway;
The Rulers veiled in mystery,
Sitting in justice, could not see,
Unmoved, a reign of world-wide villainy;
 Blind tho it be
Their servant, mundane Destiny,
To no base things yields loyalty:
 Yet not the less
Passed safely thru the desert of distress,
We will pay tribute to, and ever bless
 The noble souls
Living and dead, inscribed on glory's rolls,
Who by their triumph thus renew our lease
 Of life, and give us peace.



THE SURRENDER



The naval foxes in their watery holes
For years lay hidden, save when once they crept
Forth slyly on a far surprisal bent;
But, sighted, back to their mined dens were chased,
Punished and limping. There, they trembling
lurked,

Peering with furtive eyes across the waste
Of waters where the mistress of the seas
Ranged proudly, as of yore, in search of foes
A manly battle seeking. Beneath those seas
The steel hyenas, their dear brothers, roamed,
And wrought, against our human laws despised,
With ropes around their necks, their dastard crimes,—
Havoc unknown but to the soulless storms
Whose angry besoms sweep the terrified deeps,
Hurling, like them, remorseless and with glee
Which fiends might shudder at, all to their doom.

And now "the day" had come, the retributive day
The titled scoundrels did not reckon with,
Their plans subverting, flashing on their minds
Some moral threads are running thru the cloth
Of man's affairs. Behold a sight the world
Had witnessed never yet: a squadron once
Its nation's pride, a terror of the seas,
Striking its pirate flag, and every prow

Moving in humbleness across the waves,
As drawn by magnet irresistible,
To moor them silent at the Allied bows,—
Dreadnaughts, and cruisers, and those submarines
Whose guilty stains they ask the seas to cleanse.
But ask in vain! Rejoice, my countrymen,
That it has been your great appointed part
This fortune to ordain, bringing a day
Of the republic worthy, even one
Which cradles a new epoch for the world,
And which the future will remember long.



THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE



What, would you hold me back,
A warrior, I,
Panting, on honor's track,
To do or die?

To die for native land,
As well as live:
Such is the great command
My heart would give.

The years have made you wise,
But I am young—
A youth of smiles and sighs,
By glory stung!

In days of peace to come,
Remember me
Who loved the fife and drum
So faithfully!

Such is the spirit that controls,
From force of blood, those ardent souls;
But War must slay himself at last,
And be a memory of the past.

DECEMBER 1918



THE LAND OF FREEDOM



'Twas here our fathers planted deep
The seeds of liberty,
That their aspiring sons might reap
The harvest of the free;
Or, fleeing from their native land,
A shrine erected here,
Which should thru coming ages stand,
For tyranny to fear.

And we have kept that faith sublime
Despite temptations great,
Preserved our heritage from time,
Been proud of our estate,
Been loyal to the glorious name
Which freedom's choice bestowed,
And worthy of the spotless fame
We to those fathers owed.

But now in battle we have slain
Her last remaining foe,
That monster who, with sword and chain,
Had filled the earth with woe;
And to such nations on the globe
That would with freedom live,
That gracious form, in starry robe,
Benignly to them give.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN



To be thus is nothing! A station high,
Storms of applause, the guest of every eye,
To stand tip-toe on life and jostle death,
Is living only, only worthy breath!
To hurl my legions at a stubborn foe,
Feeling the tingling joy, the radiant glow
Which visit the heart when troops from my firm wall
Of steel recoil, and, crushed, in masses fall;
While heroic shells, as zigzag lightnings leap
From cloud to cloud, pour down in columns deep
On decimated, weltering, withered ranks,—
For that I lived, for that I render thanks!

The squeamish world! What pother did it make
When I, by Thor anointed, sought to slake
My will in streams of blood! Does it not know
That war is—war, and can not mincing go
Meek, arm in arm with peace; that nations fight
As armies once, and unrestrained must smite
All within their borders and the untamed sea,
And which, in spite of England, shall be free!
Shall Prussia raised by Prussia's god to be
Uber alles, shrink in timidity
When dawns the day to realise her dream,—
Her Hohenzollern line on earth supreme?

Not long shall I dwell here in dull repose!
By right divine I ruled, and will foreclose
My mortgage on the nation when the hour
Arrives to reassert my regal power.
Kings raised the German people to a height
Of envied glory: democratic night
They will not wander in, but for the blaze
Of imperial sway will hunger all their days.
From transient exile they will call me back,
When wearied of that Socialistic quack
Who usurped my heritage, and strides around
Those palaces which I made holy ground.



THE MARCH TO THE RHINE

To W. H.



Three months you dealt your blows
In fury on your foes,
Advancing step by step, and mile by mile,
Where mountains frown and valleys smile
Sadly in streams of blood
Which dingles, fields and orchards flood,
And dispossess
The tenantry of fruitfulness;
But on and on you press
With such amazing stubbornness,
Such valor, tactics, strategy,
The puzzled, beaten enemy
Your arms enchanted deem,
Or they, perchance, in some repulsive dream
Lie tossing, which the morn
Rising, would show them only fancy-born.

But never from that dream could they awake,
No victor morning break
On murky clouds of their defeat;
Surrender, or disgrace of more retreat
Could save them in that dismal hour
From Pershing's hosts and freedom's power
Pledged, on that distant shore,
The sacred rights of nations to restore.

And so your gallant far-flung line
Victorious nears the storied Rhine,
And sees her guardian waters shine
Between you and the fallen foe:

 Your honors won,

 Your duty done,

Let waiting hearts with rapture overflow,
Glad hands weave laurel chaplets for your brows

 Beneath the palms' fame-dropping boughs,

 Bid Janus, in his temple, crown

You like the heroes of antique renown;

 But for those bravest of the brave

 Who freely in devotion gave

The sacrifice supreme, build them a tomb

Which would make monarchs sigh for such a doom.



THE ARMISTICE



Crushed, beaten to a phantom, made the slave
Of nations whom we scorned, hope in her grave,
And also in their graves a million brave
Men drilled in vain the Fatherland to save!

Our fleet surrendered which we built to sweep
The pride of England from the faithless deep
In which our U boat crews for ever sleep,
And whose exploits we now must doubly weep!

Our commerce gone, our industries destroyed,
Hated in every land where we enjoyed
The highest place, our energies employed
So cunning we with wealth and power were cloyed!

Despoiled of colonies beyond the sea
Which we had governed with atrocity
No doubt, but which were destined long to be
Source of our glory and prosperity!

Stripped of those provinces won by the sword
Wielded by kings we had so long adored,
Their peoples given to foes for years abhorred,
To groan in bondage to a foreign lord!

Wrecked by a debt immense we can not pay,
The cost of indemnities the Allies lay
With ruthless hand as we bore ruthless sway
Over those countries deemed our proper prey!

In every household desolation dwells,
Burns in our daily thoughts a thousand hells
Whose imps are ever ringing those harsh bells
Of horror and despair,—a lost soul's knells!

The princes who have brought us to this pass
Have fled, and left us in this wide morass
Thus floundering, to our proletarian class
Such ruin vast bequeathing—Oh! alas!

Sinking beneath the weight of this sad load,
Poor Ebert staggers where they gaily rode
To spur of world dominion, and the goad
Of mad ambition to this dark abode!



THE PRESIDENT IN FRANCE



Savior of France, we greet you now
With happy heart and smiling brow,
And lay with praise and love complete
Our tribute at your conquering feet.
One feeling deep the nation fills,
One sentiment its bosom thrills,
For you and for the noble power
Which in our worst, our darkest hour,
Sprang to our side, and in the storm
Beating upon our drooping form,
Held up that shield without a stain
'Gainst which the Prussian fought in vain.

Savior of France, four years we stood,
Unflinching, pale, knee-deep in blood,
Breasting the waves of war that rolled
As in the evil days of old
From German forests, breeding place
Of Odin's loved and ruthless race;
And in the devouring furnace threw
Our sons, with hearts that never knew
Complaining, till your legions came
In countless numbers, with a name
Unknown to defeat, and in his throat
Plunging your sword, our dread foe smote.

Savior of France, just as we turned
To you in war, and for you yearned
So now when peace dawns on the land
We look to you to weave with hand
Of justice stern, impartial right,
A treaty that will sweep the night
Of war forever from the skies
Of this sad life, bidding arise
An endless peace to dwell on earth
Which shall in human hearts give birth
To children of fraternity
In every land, on every sea!



ENGLAND



Last but not least
Amid the nations, at the feast
Of peace assembled, in your praise
A tuneful note I raise.
Had I forgot you? Had I quailed
Before the storm of prejudice which had assailed
Your policy and motives in the past?
I knew your lot in former times was cast
With German kings whose feud with liberty
Compelled us to be free.
Three hundred years ago my fathers crossed the sea
To seek religious freedom, and to face,
On unknown shores, a bloodier race.
But that is past, and in this hour
I would remember but the splendid power
You have achieved throughout the world, to crown
Our race and language with superior renown.

Hearted like marble, steadfast as the rock,
You met, undaunted, the tremendous shock
Of the Imperial legions pouring down
In myriads on field and town,
Intent to subjugate the nations free,
And, bound to Kultur's chariot, drag to slavery.
From home, from overseas, from cot and hall,

You called your sons who, springing to that call,
Flocked to their mother's side, and while your navy
held

The foe in grip of iron, felled
The despot's bands on soils invaded: with voice clear,
Wherever freedom called, responding, "Here!"

The struggle ended, to your shores we send
A noted diplomat, the warmest friend

Of justice that presides
Over a nation. In the tides
Of strong opinions he will cast

An anchor to moor fast
Peoples in ports of peace;
War's tempest bid to cease;
Forge fetters to control

A nation proved to be without a soul.



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE



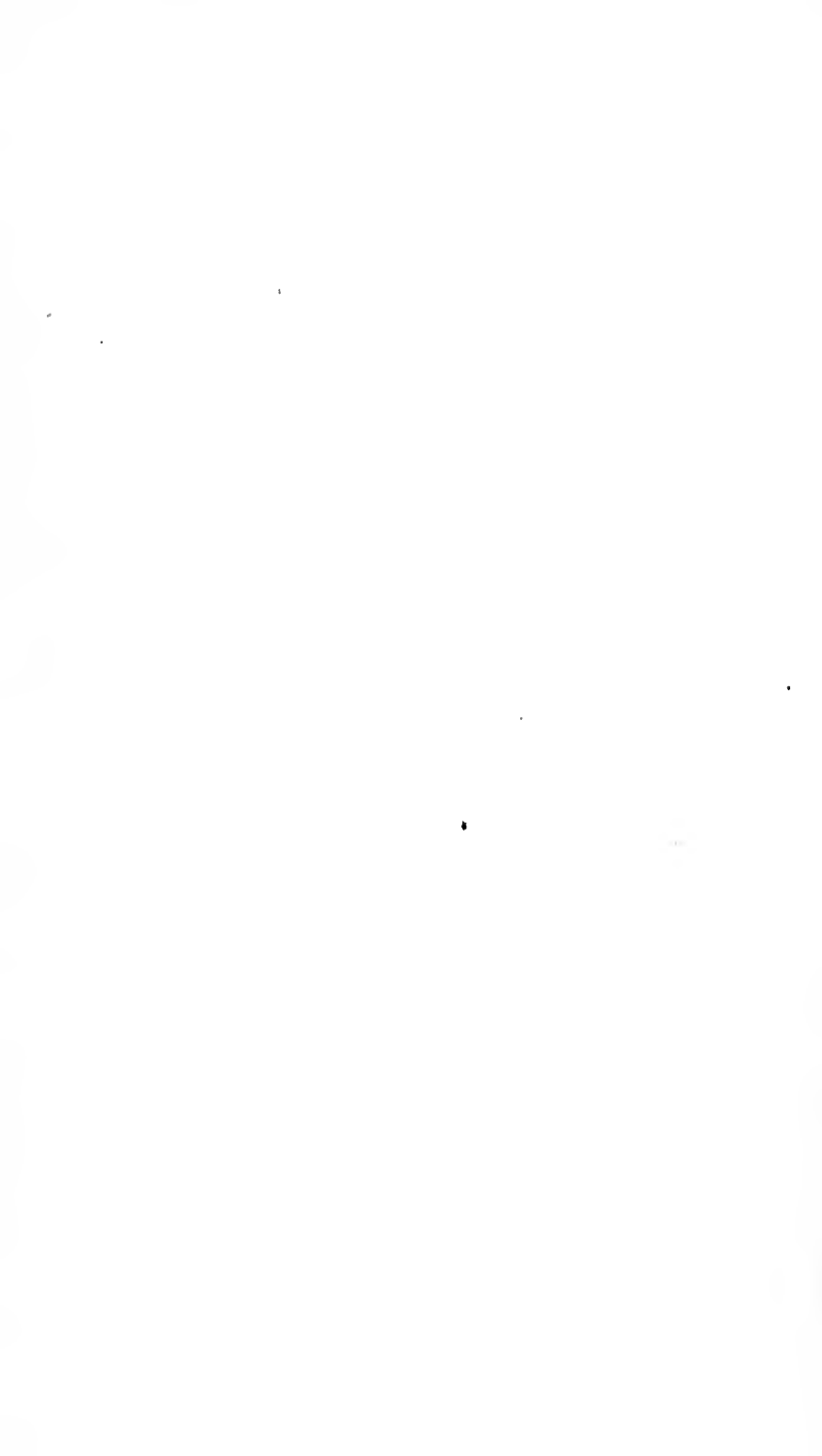
Halt! Halt, I say! The countersign!
None passes by the lordly Rhine
While we are stationed here. You say
Hunger has driven you this long way
Across the river where we stand
To watch and guard the German land.
Take this, and go back to your friends,
And tell them that our hatred ends
When arms are grounded, and the roar
Of deadly guns is heard no more;
But here we stay, despite your plea,
Until you pay the penalty.

Is this the soil where grew that tree,
That Upas tree, autocracy,
Which erst this country's spirit broke,
And planned to fix its cruel yoke
On all the world? No fairer sight
Of smiling vineyards, waters bright,
Has ever met my view as here
Before my wondering eyes appear:
A fertile realm, salubrious air,
Pictures of joy unroll, save where
Old castles breathe their cold farewells
From walls where ruin greyly dwells.

Stand! Who goes there?—A Rhenish lass,
The slyph's own form, eyes that surpass
The beauty of the dawn! Ah me!
Unfettered, I would prisoner be
To such a soldier!—I regret
That pretty foot may not be set
On this pledged shore: nay, do not speak,
Or loyalty perforce will leak
Out of my heart; but quickly go,
Taking the homage of a foe.—
How could such lovely women breed
Monsters to make the nations bleed!



JANUARY 1919



THE NEW YEAR



Look back, and see the phantoms of the years
Huddled in silence, on their ashen lips
The cheerful greetings of their younger days
Frozen and dead. The hopeless pall descends
Over the melancholy scene, and calls
The lightnings flash, and rolls of thunder on,
To wrap in deeper folds of mystery
A judgment on man's deeds. A ghastly ruin
Spreads wide, old kingdoms swallowed down
The throats of change; the pride of other days
That danced on the volcano's flowery crust,
Perished in its gay prime; ambitions vast
Blasted in fiery breath of earth-wide war;
While multitudes of men, the innocent,
And guilt's apprentices, sleep in fresh graves
Watered with tears, or sought by wandering hope
Which feeds and lodges in the human heart,
And illumines in halls of time the bitter gloom.

With chastened spirit now we turn to you
For consolation, for a promise born
In bed of truth, and which no brother is
To mockery, that by such sacrifice
Surcease of sorrow we have earned, and may
Teach our lips mirth, and on our souls engraft
New buds of happiness to bloom, and grow,
And ripen in the sun of a long peace,
When every sword shall in its scabbard rust,

And war be stranger here. Demobilise
The regiments of selfish interests,
And bid them plough the fields of altruism;
Harness in service of humanity
The steeds of nature running wildly round;
And long for learning rather than for land;
For justice, not dominion. Then life's skies
Might be spanned by a bright perpetual bow
Gleaming 'mid tears, a seraph's joyful tears.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Dead! But your work is done, done well,
For ages on the rolls to dwell.
It waked the conscience of the world,
From pride of place it sternly hurled
The would-be rulers of the state.
Your voice seemed like the voice of fate
Calling the country to prepare
If still it had the wish to wear
The rose of freedom. Day and night
You labored with a spirit bright,
All foes defying, to arouse
The nation to renew those vows
Pledged by the fathers in the days
They passed thru revolution's blaze
To found till time shall cease to be
The great republic of the free.

After life's fitful fever, sleep
Beneath our benedictions deep,
Tho we for you too early weep!



THE RED FLAG



What means this portent? And what answer make
Its challenge? Lands half civilised, and lands
Nursed at the breast of order, see that sign
Raised and advancing. When the hoary locks
Of feudalism and autocracy
Were bathed in blood, and in the grave war laid
Their unlamented forms, we freely breathed,
And in our visions glimpsed a fairer world
Where passion had been drowned in reason's lake,
Where justice, clad in white, with timid steps,
A throne ascended, when, thru frightened eyes,
We saw a fresh contestant in the field.

This banner which makes of our dearest blood
A symbol, and which homage asks of men
In every land, in workers' hands is held,
And pledges war on war. The cost of war
In blood and treasure has been paid by them
Who labor with their hands, and now have won
The greatest war in annals of the world,
Making the world safe for democracy.
Lay not another straw upon its back,
Lest it should break; but let our greatest minds
Leap on the deck, and steer the human craft
O'er tranquil seas into the ports of peace.

Make no mistake, my masters! Face to face
Glaring, behold a system from the loins
Of the past sprung, now groping in the dark,
An infant giant that upon our heads
May pull the temple down. That laboring class
It is, producers of all wealth, and none
Possessing, that so looms in mighty hosts
Beneath that flag, and comprehends at last
Its strength prodigious. Look to it! We stand
On the broad threshold of an order new
Which wants its paradise on its own earth,
And wants it now; yea, wants it here and now.



ARABIA



This whimsical protest is apropos of some remarks delivered by Prince Feisel last week in Paris on the subject of exploiting the resources of that celebrated country which has sent him as a delegate to the Peace Conference.

Now, Prince, what is it you are giving us?
Commercialise your Araby, lay rails,
Charter monopolies, and mills erect
Where Moses smote the rock, and lightnings wove
A crimson robe around the trembling form
Of Sinai when upon the tabled stone
Jahveh wrote his dread words? Coal, iron, oil
Sleep in your country's bosom: capital
Will rouse them to activity, and lay
Your unfathered land at door of guardian wealth!

O Prince! can you not leave us, saddened so,
A province for the soul, where the winged feet
Of fancy may disport, and the proud sons
Of king imagination hold their court?
Greece has been lost, and holy Palestine
Will follow: must we sell the camel-train,
To autos sacrifice the noble steed
Born in the desert, fleet as wind, and when
A whistle blows crowd in a factory,
Or counting-room, and freedom know no more?

Dear Prince, one only land we would preserve
From the juggernaut of progress, there to roam
Unfettered where a sky bends over us
Eternally serene, where frankincense
All day salutes us, where Mohammed once
Saddled for Paradise, and Ali rode
Forth with the sword and Koran in his hand,
Bidding the nations choose. Ah! thus remain!
Surely the League of Nations will excuse
One truant at the prayer of Poetry!



HIS RETURN



I clasp you in my arms again,
Your kisses thrill my brows,
And to my breast your form I strain,
And softly breathe my vóws :
I can not tell what joy I feel,
What raptures throng my heart.
To think you will those raptures seal,
And never more depart.

I do not care what rank you won,
What honors crown your name ;
I know your duty well was done,
And that is noblest fame ;
A marshal's baton can not give
More glory in my eye,
Than feeling that for me you live,
That I for you would die.

And I will pay the Power divine
A life of daily prayer,
As on your bosom I recline,
And all your feelings share
Of gratitude that you have passed
The risks of land and sea,
And filled my cup so full at last
Of this felicity.

FEBRUARY 1919

THE VACANT CHAIR



In thousands they are coming back
To wives and parents dear,
But you—Ah! life is doubly black
To me in mourning here:
In tears I hover round your chair,
And bend my heavy head;
My heart its burden can not bear
Since you are with the dead.

If I had known you would be slain,
And laid in Flanders field,
I would have followed in your train,
And on your grave have kneeled,
And watered with my burning tears
That lone and sacred sod,
And sacrificed my future years
To tread the path you trod.

For in this chair you sit no more,
No more you smile on me,
As in the happy days of yore
Ere you had crossed the sea;
And memory now can only bring
More sadness to my heart,
And make me, as I feel its sting,
More eager to depart.

POLAND



If I have read your annals true
 You have been dead for many a year,
And now arise with vigor new
 To run on earth a fresh career.
The Russian-Prussian-Austrian storm
Beat fiercely on your suppliant form.
 And veiled in night
 The regal light
That led your fortune to such envied height.
Three hundred years your valiant sword
Protected from the Turkish horde
All Christendom, and your reward
The fetters of an alien lord!

'Neath foreign flags your sons have fought,
In foreign lands their souls have sought
 The freedom which you could not give;
But every where their footsteps trod
Those souls lived on their native sod,
 And only there could live:
And now they hear the mighty voice
Of one who bids their land rejoice:
 Poland is free!
She drinks the waters of democracy,
And eats again the bread of liberty
From the Carpathians to the sea!

The joyful sound thrills earth and sky ;
In the still tomb where patriots lie
Is heard, who from their sleep
Delighted wake, and slowly creep
Forth from their shrouds, to list the anthems deep
Which up and down the re-born country sweep :
There, Casimer and Sigismund review
A prospect nobler than their subjects knew ;
And Sobieski in his martial mind
Scatters the Turks once more on every wind ;
And Kosciusko rallies thick around
That last brave band whose blood enriched the
ground
When he and Freedom fell :
They smile to hear the tyrants' knell
Which tells their darling land is free,
Avenged by time and destiny.



ARMENIA



War is my theme ; I only know
To hurl the spear and bend the bow,
To hold the soldier's drooping head,
Blazon the triumphs of the dead.
But grizzled veteran as I am
I have a soul, and fain would damn
With strength of an indignant verse
The miscreants long allowed to curse
Lands they had conquered in a day
Our Christian kings were wont to pray,
And idly see a foe subdue
Realms where their faith was born, and first it grew.

I gaze upon your mountains crowned
With deep stained snows, where the dove found
Rest for her weary wing ; the vale
Where once our primal parents, pale,
Talked with their God ; and now I view,
Plying their trade, the dastard crew
Up to their knees in blood, blood, blood ;
On every side the ghastly flood
Creeping, and casting a dull eye
On its sad victims where they die,
Fond households lapped with greedy tongue,
None spared, all perishing, all, old and young.

Why were they sent to such hard life?
Born in a tomb, born with a knife
Protruding from their bleeding heart;
From cradles early to depart
This world; ay, shaking hands with death
While they were drawing infant breath!
Perchance some few are living yet,
Whom may be paid part of the debt
We, happier, owe humanity,
By throwing in that crimson sea
So swirling, surging, swallowing all,
Succor, in answer to their dying call.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS



High seated on a throne of bleaching skulls,
His footstool reeking swords, a canopy
Of filthy vultures, listless, gorged with blood,
War sat complacent, one arm on his knee
Resting, a hand upon another placed,
And bending forward proudly as he viewed
Life at his feet; a smile, slow, sinister,
Crept o'er his iron features, counting so
His subjects, fruit from trees of helpless lands,
Plucked in the bloom of youth, and quick devoured,
Rivers of tears drunk eagerly, he still
Unsated, more demanding, more and more.

Now this will end; this monarchy of hell
Will be subverted, the red diadem
Lurid with snakes, matted with gorgons dire,
Torn from the brow of War, in the appalled sea
Flung,—scepter, axes, rods and panoply.
Crowded with graves, the frenzied earth rebels;
Ocean moans in his agony; the sky
Frowns at the devastation which her rains,
Her golden sun with kisses warm and long,
Along with gentle hand of quiet time,
Must work repairing, from his crucible
Hurling the passions which would wreck the world.

Yes, even we were in Arcadia born!
The long, long night thru which the monster reigned
Fades in a delicate amber where a flag
New to the earth appears: its spotless folds
Float on the zephyrs which glide furtively
From bosom of the dawn; by one great will
That standard travels near and far-off lands,
Calling the nations to a Roman peace
Once more on earth: that radiant banner wide
Streaming, the despot sees, and knows his rule
Is ended, staggers from his throne, and falls
Into the grave which he had dug for men.



CLEMENCEAU

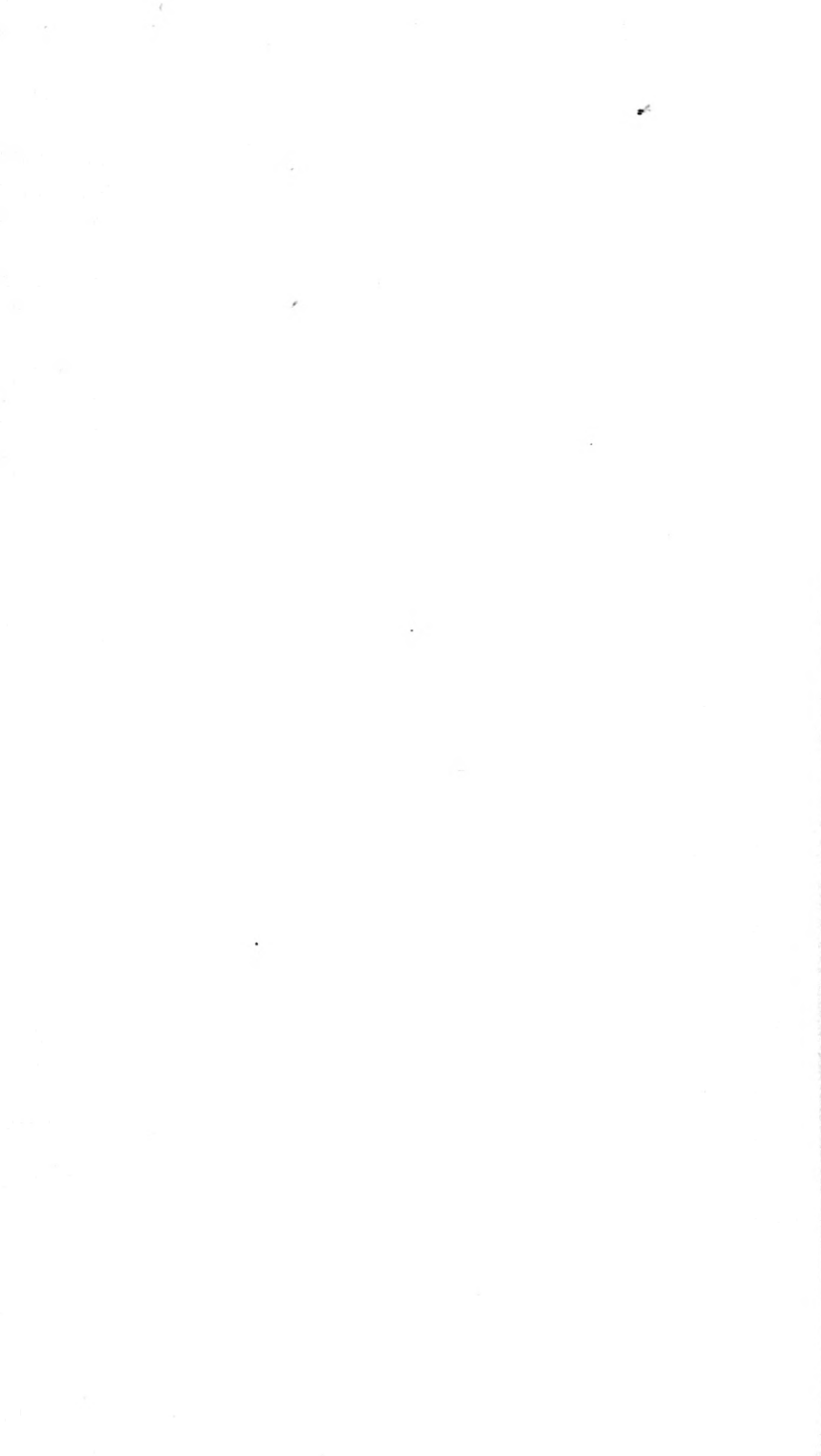


Ce n'est rien! Ay, we hope so, for your sake
And for the sake of France; but let us think
It is an echo, harsh, malevolent,
Of the great conflict which has filled the world
With loss and woe. That struggle was akin
To elemental warfare, ruthless, long;
Kingdoms went down before its fiery blast;
The cyclone tore away the bonds that held
Sad nations in subjection; boundary lines
Were, by the torrents born in springs unseen,
Scattered on every side; voices long mute
Recovered speech, in accents furious, strange,
Their wrongs recounted: such the change so vast,
Such the upheaval whose true counterpart
We find in geologic wars alone.

We dwelt on a volcano, its rough crest
Rich mantled by time's unobtrusive hand
With flowers and vines, 'mid which we careless
 strolled,
Quaffing the ruby nectar that subdues
The sentries of the mind, and heeded not
The crouching form of that malignant foe
To all our peace, slinking a serpent first
Among the sweetest flowers, with baleful eyes
Drinking our happiness, anon transformed

Into that ancient appetite, grim War,
To fall on us unsparing : France borne down,
You raised, doubled her strength, with ardor filled
Her soul desponding, then the fleeing form
Of victory placed in her arms. Live long
For her applauding you have loved so well!





MARCH 1919

MARCHING HOME



Dear people, we come to you now
With trophies and banners on high
Smiles making their home on our brow,
Joy dancing in every bright eye;
Our trials and sorrows are past,
The work which you gave us is done,
Your foe is defeated at last,
The triumph you asked for is won.

The Prussian for years had defied
All nations of Europe arrayed,
And millions on millions had died
Till sternly we sprang to their aid:
The waves of his battle we met,
And vainly they dashed on our breast;
And never the Hun will forget
How we laid his battalions at rest.

We came, and we saw, and we drew
The sword that to triumph was born,
That drank up the foe as the dew
Is drunk by the glances of morn:
But now they are laid in their grave,
And that sword we return to your hand:
It has guarded the home of the brave,
And is honored in every known land.

HOME AGAIN



Once more, once more we tread our native land,
And breathe our native air,
Cheered by the clasping of a friendly hand,
The glances of the fair,
Their smiles, their kisses sweet,
Which seal and make our victory complete.

In such a cause who would not give his all;
In cause of truth and right
Who would not rally at his country's call
With ardor, pride, delight;
And deem her debt is paid
By such a welcome in his honor made.

Proudly we stroll the old familiar ways,
Their tokens view again;
But round our hearts an unknown feeling plays
Kin to both joy and pain,
Which tells there is a change,
We know not what, to something new and strange.

For we have raised in but a single year
Our fortunes to the skies,
And shown by policy serene and clear
Where all the honor lies,
And proved that we will stand
For justice and for peace in every land.

And now we happy tread our native soil,
And breathe our native air,
And feel repaid for strife and loss and toil
To drink the glory there,
And fight in words again,
For them we love, our wonderful campaign.



THE INDEMNITIES

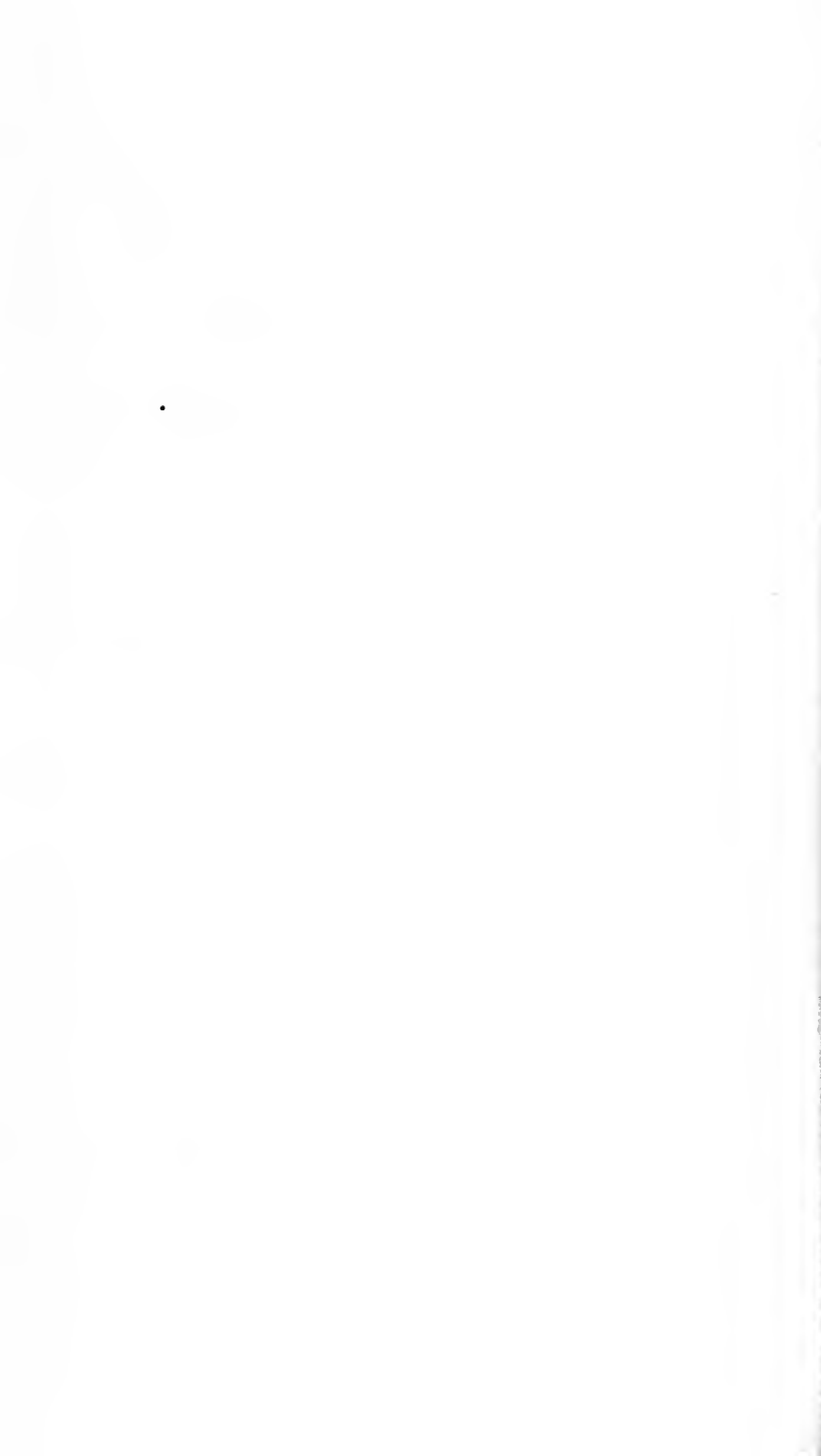


In wealth abounding, and a busy state
More wealth producing at a marvellous rate,
Your sons by cunning brain and dextrous hand
Making a peaceful conquest of each land
Beyond the seas; realms on your borders seized
When a successful war your lust appeased
For more dominion; plots, audacity,
The pupils of your ingrained villainy,
And foreign laws deriding,—such the scheme
Crude, foolish, haunting like a charming dream
Your felon rulers in that evil day
Masking, they deemed the world their helpless prey.

And now the notes are due, and you must pay,
Pay for those valued lives you swept away
With mocking glee, superbly confident
To execute that ugly covenant
With hell and Satan, a blood rule extend
Over the earth, and weaker nations bend
To your despotic will: what genius there
Untimely perished in the fatal glare
Of those fierce fires which licked the heels of War,
Submissive, playing round his reeking car,
Beneath dark skies where frenzied lightnings roam:
O brothers early lost, where is your home!

Why ask if you can pay? No riches now,
And none with which the future may endow
Your schools of industry, can liquidate
The righteous claims of nations desolate
By your invasion, and the heritage
Of men in those dead souls on this world's stage,
Who should have played their part for good or ill,
No more with eloquence or song to thrill
Vast crowds acclaiming, or to rain delight
On women's hearts, and hear the prattle bright
Of children, ere they pass by God's decree
The silent portals of eternity.





APRIL 1919

A NEW WORLD



I fain would sheathe the sword,
Take a new pen,
And say, with glad accord,
Peace to all men!



THE EXILE



How are the mighty fallen! Once a throne
Was all too small for his ambition, grown
So huge that it would rule the world!
In fancy, day and night, he saw unfurled
His dragon banners fly
Triumphant under every sky;
His soldiers camped in every conquered land;
North, south, east, west, obeying his command;
By bayonets the prostrate world held down,
And trembling at his frown!

How are the mighty fallen? Far away
From all the grandeurs of his proudest day,
He pines beneath an alien roof, and there
With torture breathes an alien air
As spirits of his victims rise to view
In his mind's eye, and ever and anon renew
All that he was in that great hour
He flung the dread Imperial power
Of iron Prussia on his foes;
And now at such base close
Of his career, he shudders at the thought
He may for such stupendous crimes be brought
Before the bar, by equity's impartial call,
To plead for life, stripped of his wealth, rank,
honors, all,
And feel the axe's fall,
And after that the hideous velvet pall.

How are the mighty fallen! Once he said
The moral law is dead;
No law shall bar
Necessity, no nation, man, sun, star;
I am companion of divinity,
And all to me
Shall bend the knee.
He little recks such blasphemy,
But feels, despairing feels,
The agony of anguish, shame, remorse, that steals
In, thru, round his black heart, and tho his life
Which should have been laid down in manly strife
Will now be spared, for horror's tooth
To gnaw on, day by day, the bitter truth
Awakens in his breast, and multiplies his pains,
That he must live in chains.



THE VICTORY LOAN



They did their part: two million strong
They crossed the seas to right the wrong
Inflicted by a felon band
Resolved to conquer and command.
Their nation's ships were sunk on sight,
Men, women, children plunged in night
Of death, with shouts of scornful glee,
Or left to perish in the sea.
For crimes like these which thrust the name
Of men in an abyss of shame,
And to uphold the honor due
Their native land, once more they drew
The sword that never owned defeat,
And soon their triumph was complete.
But some have paid in loss of limb,
In loss of sight, our ransom grim,
And some, while we so idle seem,
Have willing made the sacrifice supreme.

They did their part; let us do ours
As willing, in these peaceful hours
Won by their arms. What is the task
The day and situation ask?
No more than that we freely lend .
At interest good what we might spend
In useless ways for selfish ends,
Instead of reaping dividends.
If we had lost, the enemy
Had mulct us in indemnity
A hundred fold, and plundered too
Lives, liberty, all that we woo
With zeal and fervor day by day.
Naught are we forced in this to pay;
We will receive in little time
All back again: say, you should climb
After such chances, run a mile
To catch them flying. Come, invest and smile!



FIUME

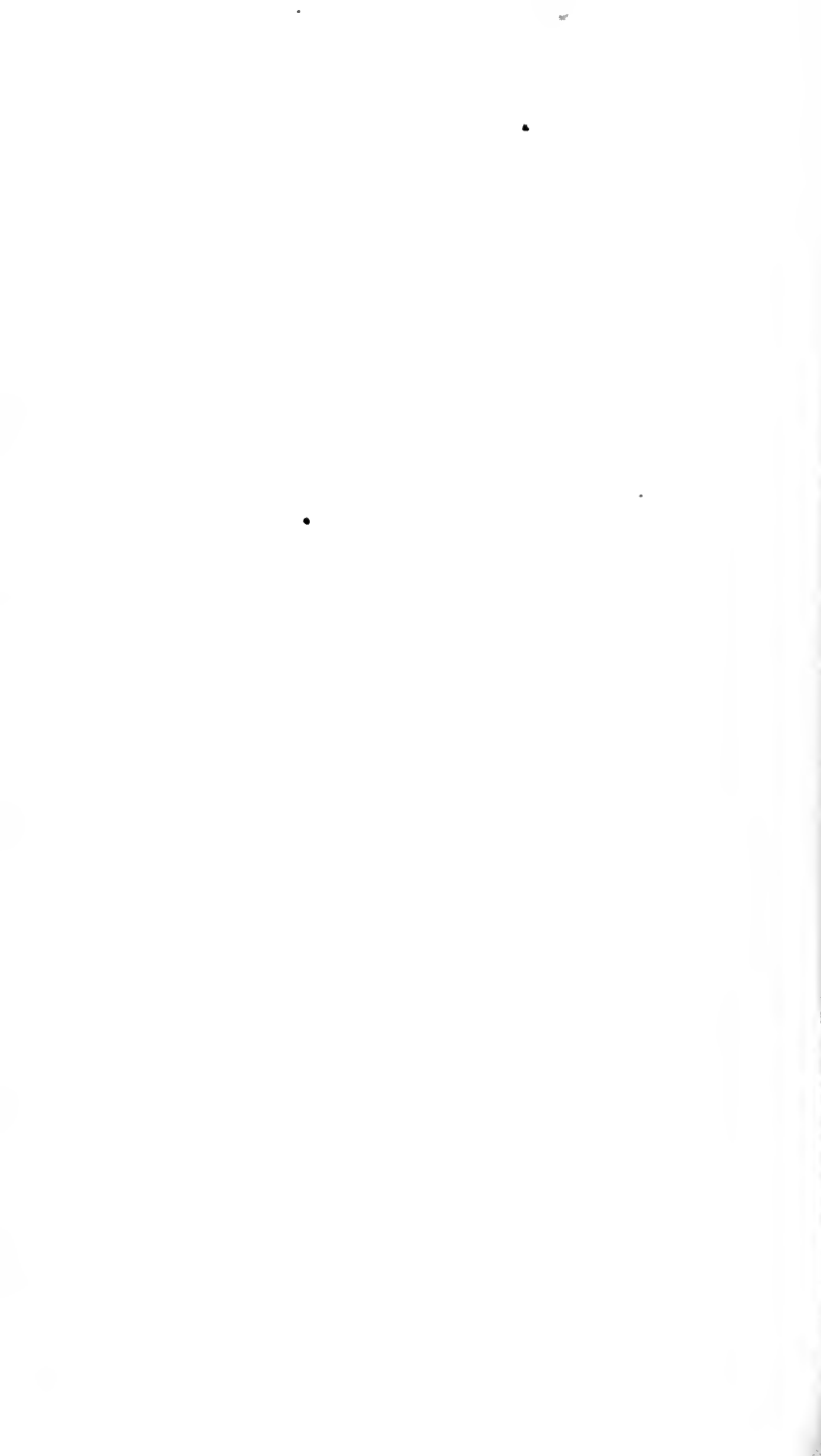


Fiume by the violet sea
Your classic beauty is to me
Like those archaic prows that bore
The Trojans to your haughty shore.
Behind, the solemn mountains stand
As sentries of your enthralled land;
Before, the surges curl and play
On beaches of your sheltered bay,
While o'er its waters floats that song,
The barcarolle, which glides along
Strand, creek and hill, for serenade
To nymph and satyr in the forest glade.

Fiume at the mountains' feet,
Once more your comeliness I greet;
Once more I see your maidens fair
Wade in the surf with ankles bare,
Or frolic with their lovers gay
At close of the long summer day,
As I, bewitched by one dark eye,
Followed and sighed, as yet I sigh:
O Italy! I can not blame
Your passion for yon lovely dame,
For who can see her, and remain
What he had been before love's pleasing pain!

Yes, Italy, I share with you
The love and homage that are due
Our sad Fiume by the sea:
Again I feel that ecstasy
My heart enfolding, when I roamed
Where Adria's waves so softly foamed
On beaches great in story, where
I breathed a more ethereal air,
And gazed on more purpureal skies,
Where on me bent those houri eyes
Still bending there, and since that time
Reigning the mistress of my lyric rhyme.





MAY 1919



VERSAILLES



Let time recall a scene of other days
Where here a conqueror strode, and in a blaze
Of martial glory, flushed with martial pride
The vanquished spurned, her tears and prayers denied.

But lo! the whirligig of time requites
The wrongs inflicted then, the victor smites,
And lays him bound and helpless at the feet
Of her whose overthrow he deemed complete.



THE TREATY



Toll your harsh bells! Strew ashes on your head;
In rivers let your bitter tears be shed;
For from their nests your birds of hope are fled,
Your pride so arrogant is palsied, dying, dead!

Ah! we must reap what we have sown;
In fields where hate and jealousy are grown
We can not gather the increase
Of joy and plenty harvested by peace,
The warm affections and the happiness
Treading on heels of service which caress
The author of their being, of those deeds
Which kindness breeds,
And which must in the future make this life
Scene of co-operation, not of greed and strife.

You chose an outlawed part to lay
A yoke on franchised nations, and to slay
All in your way;
No law of man or God
Was recognised in paths your armies trod;
Murder was made by you an art so fine

In your career of conquest and rapine,
The bloodiest conquerors of the past
Rose from their quiet graves, and stared aghast
At your exploits, and wondered why
Such old ferocious methods they forgot to try.

If you had triumphed, He who governs all
Must have resigned his office there, for then would fall
The keystone of this universe,
Condemning man to dwell beneath a curse
For ever more. But now an infant light
Creeps on the tempest of our dreadful night,
And thru the treaty written to requite
Your foiled designs, struggles the sun of right.



TO THE JERSEY TROOPS



A welcome to the Jersey boys,
Returning home again!
Bid smiles and tears and noisiest joys
Swell in a glad refrain
To show our pride and happiness
That, all their dangers passed,
They, crowned with glory and success,
Are come to us at last!

They dauntless faced the cruel foe,
They played the warriors' part;
And Saint Mihiel and Argonne know
How great their hand and heart,—
That heart that turned the battle's tide
When hope with some had fled,
That hand that piled the forest wide
With pyramids of dead.

Sound loud their praises in the land
Which they have glorious made:
And may the triumphs of their band
From memory never fade,
But live thru all the years of peace
Which wait the ages now,
And, as their lives flow on, increase
The honors on their brow!

JUNE 1919

THE OCEAN FLIGHT



Now, all aboard for Europe; let us be
High rovers over every land and sea,
No longer by the gyves of custom bound,
Condemned to mouse upon our native ground,
To view the self-same skies and stolid hills,
The scenes that charmed our infancy, the rills
That prattled by our doors, for even now
To life cosmopolite we make our bow,
And shaking off the fetters of old time
Prepare for any fate, in any clime.

And do you say the going there is fine,
Three thousand miles along the foam-capped brine,
The air is sweeter, and an ecstasy,
A feeling you at last are truly free
Circles the heart, and offers to the soul
A quality of life without control,
A bond and partnership with the unknown
Superior to the glamor of a throne
On the dull earth, with not a parasite
To mar the tenor of a new delight?

Come, let us be a courier of the air,
And drink incessant of the raptures there,
And trying wings, anticipate the day
Our lease expires in this house of clay!

THE TERMS



Yes, they are hard, and should be so
To pay in part the debt you owe
An outraged and afflicted world,
Millions in life's sweet summer hurled
Thru steep-down gulfs of death, their doom
Shrouding in sorrow and in gloom
All firesides, bankrupting the race
Of manhood, genius, beauty, grace,
Bequeathing to the spendthrift sea
Shipping and cargoes wont to be
The life of nations, taking toll
Vindictive all of body and soul
Helpless its waves traversing, while
The imps of darkness dance and smile,
Gloating, that one at least was found
The depths of infamy to sound,
And in their brotherhood to dwell,
Like them still loyal to the king of hell.

And yet you do not feel a grief,
Nor know that in the yellow leaf
Your fortunes are, the brown and sear:
Impenitent, you would appear
As one oppressed who did not owe
A balance for the storm of woe
Blasting the nations, taxes great
That will relentless confiscate
The labor of the present age
And that which follows,—heritage
From you who sought to smite and slay
Freedom and culture in your day,
And turn the wheels of progress back
In road of despotism black,
Where heartless scoundrels wore a crown.
And peoples shuddered at their frown;
Prepare to pay, and learn a prayer
For that you still may breathe our common air.



THE LAST PHASE



I am a man ;
And nothing that concerns a man do I
Deem matter of indifference to me.

Terence : The Self-Tormentor.

The evil genius of the nations hurled
From her bad eminence to rule the world,
And all that world the gentle dove of peace
Awaiting, that their burdens may decrease,
And new ideas born of the war hold sway,
Robing the chastened earth in brighter day,—
The victors quarrel, scorning to agree
On making sure the fruits of victory,
And would prolong the bitter contest still,
While sordid interests set their churlish will
Against the common good, helping the foe
Our triumph to diminish or to overthrow.

Meanwhile, the enemy with heart elate
Such bickering sees, and hopes his righteous
fate

May be averted, and with dark design
Declares the treaty he will never sign,
Whines he is innocent of guilt or wrong,
That to his conquerors all the crimes belong
Which set the world on fire: so arguing,
schemes

Foregather in his brain like evil dreams
To wreak revenge, and reassume his place
Bestowed by oracles on his great race
As master of the nations, when the wedge
In his opponents thrust, destroys their pledge
Of universal peace, inviting then

New wars whose issues lie beyond our furthest ken.



ODE TO PEACE



Cleansed by that bath of blood we stand
 Within the chrismal rays of peace,
Voices of tender sorrow from each land,
Each mountain side, each ocean strand,
 Arising for this sweet release
 From war's brutality,
 In solemn jubilee
Wreathing our crimson sword of victory
With the mementoes of the free.

Too long the saber and the crown
Casting on men their baleful frown
 Have held the world in fear:
The royal culprit who had made
War and aggression her chief trade
 No more will brandish spear,
 No more pursue her dark career,
Boasting she only lived to domineer;
 But bowing down her jewelled brow
Beneath the melancholy cypress bough,
 Her laurel tresses shorn,
 Despised, forlorn,
 Discredited, forsworn,
Must press her lips perforce to Lethe stream,
And never more of conquest dream!

And so the ancient system lies
In ruins deep before our eyes,
 Never again to rise;
And as the furious battle-storm
Raging for years, halts, falters, dies,
Glides to our arms the weeping form
 Of order and tranquillity
To keep a tryst with liberty;
And tho with some things we must part
 Dear to our aching heart,
 Yet by the grace of God
Bravely the future shall be trod:
There is a glory on the sea,
 An anthem in the air,
Which blend into a melody
 We drink like honey fare;
And, sheltered by the League of Nations, feel
A pure contentment thru our bosom steal.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: Poems on the World War. A Sequel to Martial Lyrics: Poems on the War for Democracy. 12 mo. 165 pp. white antique paper, with portrait.

Boards\$1.00

Cloth, gilt top 1.50

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PHILIP OF POKANOKET: An Indian Drama.

A blank verse drama of the time of King Philip's War, 1675-1676. The celebrated sachem of the Wampanoags, and historic personages among the Puritans and Indians revisit the earth in these scenes. 12 mo, 136 pp., cloth, gilt top.....\$1.00

IN VALES OF HELIKON.

An ideal journey through the land of song, followed by short poems on love, war, nature, and men of genius. 12 mo. 121 pp. with portrait. Cloth, gilt top\$1.50

MARTIAL LYRICS: Poems on the War for Democracy.

The sixty poems contained in this volume originally appeared in the columns of the Passaic Daily News during the first twelve months of our war with Germany. They are all short productions, ranging from fourteen to forty lines, and dealing as topical verses with current events as they arose from week to week. The style of the author is plain and lucid, free from affectation and obscurity.— 12 mo. 121 pp. with portrait.

Wrappers\$.50

Boards 1.00

Selling Agent
LATHROP C. HARPER
437 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

TESTIMONIALS

"May I not say how much I appreciate your kindness in sending me a copy of your *Martial Lyrics*? I shall hope some day or other not too far distant to have the pleasure of reading them."—WOODROW WILSON.

"Thank you indeed for the charming volume of your poems, *Martial Lyrics*, reprinted from the *Daily News*. It is, as I have glimpsed it, a very worthy presentation of your excellent verse. At this time I may state, if I have not done so before, my very deep admiration of your work."—G. M. HARTT.

"This is a collection of newspaper verses, originally published in a Passaic daily. Arranged according to the order of their first appearance, they comprise a running commentary in verse on the World War and America's participation therein. There are occasional passages of poetic warmth in the verses, and not a few felicitous phrases. *Her Soldier Boy* is the best poem in the little book; it has much feeling and a fine simplicity."—CATHOLIC WORLD, NEW YORK.

"There is considerable merit in the several scores of poems from the pen of Alfred A. Furman which have been embraced in the paper-covered volume, *Martial Lyrics*. Every stanza breathes patriotism and supplies motive for carrying on the war to the ultimate success of the cause in which we are enlisted."—TRENTON. TIMES-ADVERTISER.

"Martial Lyrics; Poems on the War for Democracy is good topical verse with the animation of passionate patriotism."—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., CHRONICLE.

"Many thanks for the Martial Lyrics, the best of which have your usual dignity and quiet force. I am glad you wrote them, and glad you have a second series under way."—EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

"I have examined the Lyrics only cursorily, but have caught sight of a gem here and there. I am glad you could picture the phases of the stupendous world's war with so fluent a pen. Your muse has been very faithful. Evidently she has settled down to a life-long devotion. She could not do better!"—GEO. T. WELCH.

"I have already read a number of the poems, and wish to congratulate you on your skill as a poet. It is a pleasure indeed to be allowed to peruse a volume of poetry of so lofty a tone. You have perpetuated in verse many of the important events of the war, and those verses will be more highly esteemed as time goes on."—OSCAR WEGELIN.





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is **DUE** on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-Series 444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 923 574 8

PS

3511

F978*ℓ*

